

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MAY 29, 1921

## Grandfather's Best Memorial Day.

BY ZELIA M. WALTERS.

IT was Lesly who first noticed that Grandfather felt sad.

The May sun was shining warm and the flowers were budding. Mother, looking over the garden, declared that both lilacs and the earliest roses would be ready for Memorial Day.

"Yes," said Grandfather, without any enthusiasm. And always before this Memorial Day had been the great day of the year to him. He would get out his Grand Army suit a week ahead, and brush it lovingly while he whistled the old tunes the boys of '63 used to sing.

"Now, Father," said Mrs. Reed, "you mustn't fret because you can't march in the parade. It will be much better to ride in an automobile to the Memorial celebration. You'll not be all tired out then. And you know, most of the family are coming to dinner that day, and they want to have a visit with you."

"I don't mind automobiles," said Grandfather. But Lesly noticed he didn't cheer up a bit. She came and sat on the step beside him and put her hand in his. He liked that, and smiled again.

"You know, honey," he said, "I don't grudge the young chaps their share. They earned the right, God bless them. I'm as proud of every one as if they belonged to me. But it's hard for an old fellow to think there'll never be another thing for him to do to show how he loves Old Glory."

"Oh, but, Grandfather, you can!" cried Lesly. "You told my room at school about the flag last year—and we loved it more."

"Yes, but honey, I'm not going to the school this year. There's not enough of us old chaps able to get around to supply all the schools. The young fellows are going to do it this year. So you see, I'm through."

Lesly found that her brother Verne, who had been in France, was coming to her school, and she felt very proud, but after all, she couldn't help wishing it was Grandfather.

She thought over it a great deal as Memorial Day grew near. There were three old soldiers besides Grandfather on that street. As she went to school, Lesly would see them sitting out in the bright May sunshine. Perhaps they felt like Grandfather. Wasn't there some way they could be made happy, too?

She took her problem to Miss Innes, the principal of the school, and a dear friend of her mother's.

Miss Innes sympathized. Her grandfather was a soldier, too.

"We couldn't get most of them to school this year," she said. "They are getting very old, you know. The war is nearly sixty years away, and even the soldiers who were boys are old and feeble now."

Then suddenly her face brightened.

"I've thought of something," she said. She drew Lesly close to whisper.



"The making of America isn't done, boys and girls," he said."

"Oh, that would be lovely!" Lesly cried. "I know that would make Grandfather so happy."

After that Lesly went skipping about with joy over her Memorial Day secret.

The afternoon before Memorial Day, school was dismissed early after the exercises.

Lesly came flying home. Grandfather sat on the sunny porch, dressed in his Grand Army suit. Lesly sat down beside him, but she bounced about so that Grandfather said, "Whatever is the matter, child?"

"Oh, I'm just so happy!" said Lesly. Then she fixed her eyes on the flag that floated out over the porch.

Down the street came a little procession, marching two by two. The children carried flags, and kept time to a drum and flute. They turned in at the gate and formed in orderly ranks before the porch. They were children from the school in the foreign section of the town.

The teacher spoke to Grandfather.

"Captain Reed," she said, "these are some of our new Americans. They want to know more about the flag they are learning to love. We remember how much good it did us to listen to the things you tell. So we brought these children to you, who offered your life for the flag, so you can tell them what will make them better citizens."

Grandfather stood up straight, in spite of his years and lameness, and saluted the flag.

"I am honored," he said, "to have these new Americans come to me to hear why I love my flag."

Then he began to tell them the stories that had thrilled children of three generations in his family. There was nothing about enemies and bloodshed in his stories. He told of the tender, heroic hearts of the men who offered their lives "that this nation might live."

He told of the night he lay wounded on the field and of the man in gray who gave him water from his canteen, doing without himself.

The children before him hardly moved. They had read of this in history, but here was a man who had been at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness, who had talked with Grant and Sheridan, who had helped to make our country what it is.

"The making of America isn't done, boys and girls," he said at last. "Every one of you must help. You must be good citizens, and make our country a better place, and if you know any one

who would place a red flag of anarchy in place of this blessed banner of liberty, you must keep away from him as you would a dangerous wild beast. That flag means that your country will give you your chance. See that you remain loyal to it."

Then the children pledged allegiance to their flag sang "America," and disbanded.

"May we come again, Captain?" they cried.

"Come often," said Grandfather, waving to them.

In a dozen other homes where old soldiers sat, there had been a similar scene. Children new to America had been taken there to have a lesson on patriotism.

The assembled family, who had listened once more to the old stories from the doorway, were beaming at Grandfather. He had never told them so well.

"Folks," said Grandfather, solemnly, "this is the very best Memorial Day I ever had."



## The Hooded Boat on Windymere.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

CHAPTER SIXTH

FOUR pairs of eyes followed Nick's fixed gaze. In the top of one of those tall trees that stood deep in the bog was a gleam of white. As they watched, a wide-winged bird as white as snow sailed out of those dark boughs and passed slowly overhead, so near they could see the long legs trailing under him.

"It's the heron," Nick said briefly to the younger ones. "No, I can't stop to talk. Val, we shall have to make the log bridge long enough to get out to the foot of that tree."

They all helped bring brush and more logs, and soon the rude bridge was lengthened out till Nick could pick his way across it to the foot of the pine.

Up he went, and presently came briskly down again with all the weariness gone out of his face and his eyes shining with excitement. In his open hand he displayed a bit of eggshell.

"That's the nest where the white heron raised its family," he announced. "I caught a glimpse of one of the young ones blundering around in the rushes at the edge of the bog. They're not big enough yet for any long journeys, so we're sure of them. We can come and see them as often as we like. And we'll have the movie camera over here first thing in the morning."

Val was almost as pleased as Nick. "I hope this gets you the invitation to go and help the Doctor on his South American trip. But say, folks, I can't stand up much longer without something to eat. Thought you were going to have supper ready. You're a nice lot of camp house-keepers."

"Wait till you see," cried Phillis, and she led the way up to the higher part of the island.

In a sandy hollow screened by bushes a fire was still burning in the fireplace. Clink had built of stones. A kettle with legs stood in the coals. It was a good big kettle, and when Phillis lifted the cover a good smell of piping hot stew filled the air.

"I made it myself with the potatoes and onions and soup stock we brought. And here's a mountain of sandwiches and turnovers, and Bab has made a great basin of chocolate. We want the Doctor to come over to supper. See if you can make him hear."

Nick's shouts soon brought the Doctor out, rather dusty and rumped from his labors. He came across in his skiff, and they all gathered around the outdoor feast. While they ate supper, Nick told the story of the white heron and felt well rewarded by the look Dr. Linney gave him over his basin of stew.

"After this, Nick," said the Doctor, half to himself, "I guess it wouldn't be good sense for me to try to get along without you."

At dusk they all went ashore and found the big automobile waiting for Dr. Linney and Nick. Val looked after them as they whirled away.

"Did you hear what he said to Nick? That means the old chap will have his

## That American.

BY AGNES MILLER.

THEODORE and Marjorie, You are marching loyally On this bright Memorial Day, With your flags and flowers gay, To the field where heroes lie, Soldier dead of wars gone by. And you pass the village green, Where the Honor Roll is seen, Where are shining stars of gold, Where new heroes' names are told, Heroes you do not forget— Nor do Gaston and Annette.

Down the dusty roads they go, Where the Marne's clear waters flow, Where, 'mid Belleau's peaceful scenes, Lie our faithful, bold marines— Where those gallant boys of ours Rest by Soissons' shattered towers— By the wooded Argonne steepes, Where our mighty army sleeps Under shining crosses white, Victors all in Freedom's fight— There go Gaston and Annette, Since they, too, do not forget.

Black is Gaston's apron neat, Wooden shoes are on his feet; Tied with scarlet ribbons gay Are Annette's smooth braids to-day; And a wreath the children bear,— Beaded pansies made with care.

Gaston says: "Why, every day, Till he had to march away, Games he'd play that all were new, And he'd buy me chocolate, too. Then he died for liberty, Brave as brave could ever be. Oh, he was a soldier true, That American I knew! Wee Annette, you are too small To remember him at all."

"Nonsense, brother!" says Annette, "Do you think I could forget How he carried me so high? I could almost touch the sky!"

Theodore and Marjorie, Send a thought across the sea, Where the stranger honors, too, That American you knew. Sweeter than your flowers of May, On this bright Memorial Day, Is his noble memory, His, who made the whole world see What Americans could be!

chance to go to South America. You see!" Sure enough, just as the Kentons were thinking of going to bed the telephone rang and an excited voice asked for Val. As the boy took the receiver these words hummed in his ear: "He's asked me! I'm going the first week in September. Hooray!"

They went to bed rejoicing over Nick's good luck, though already they had begun to dread the thought of losing him. Next morning early appeared the big car loaded with the apparatus for taking the moving pictures of the white heron, and the Kentons were at the island all day watching—at a safe distance, that they might not frighten the birds.

In the end the Doctor and Nick got pictures enough to satisfy even them. There was the white heron sitting in the

treetop above the empty nest; then flying over the island with its white wings flashing in the sun. There was a picture of two young ones watching for minnows or some other prey at the edge of the water, and there was a wonderful view of three of the strange white birds standing all together in the top of the pine.

"I don't know what more we can do about it this year," Nick said. "But if those birds come back next year, you see if I don't get a picture of the nest with the eggs in it, even if I have to build a house up in that tree and live there myself."

After that the days passed quietly, till one morning Dr. Linney invited the whole Kenton family to come and spend a day with his wife and daughter and Nick at King's Beach. They had luncheon on the sands and were sitting there watching the gulls skim over the waves when a beautiful yacht came daintily in, her spotless deck gleaming like white marble in the sunshine.

"That's the 'Foamflower,'" remarked Dr. Linney. "Do you think she looks equal to a trip to South America, Dr. Kenton? We start the first of the week."

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!" sighed Phillis, turning to look at Mavis, who sat beside her. "Whatever shall we do with ourselves when you're away?"

Mavis only laughed. "Daddy," she asked, "are we ready to go on board? I want to show the girls my own little stateroom and all the rest of it."

She took her friends all over the beautiful vessel, and though they were glad for Nick and Mavis, the Kentons went home feeling rather blue.

The day before the "Foamflower" sailed was downright dismal at the house on the hill. Bab found Phillis sitting on the doorstep, silently wiping away the tears that would come rolling down. Bab did not need to ask what the matter was. She sat down silently beside her sister. Clink was hammering away at a bird-house, but his face was long and nothing seemed to come right. Val was listlessly helping his father in the garden.

"When we wake up in the morning they'll be gone," sniffed Bab, beginning to dab at her own eyes. "It'll be a whole year before we'll see any of them again. And Daddy doesn't care a bit. Look at him!"

Dr. Kenton heard this, and laughed as he pulled a hill of ripe beans. "I do feel pretty cheerful," he declared, "and there's no reason why I shouldn't. Fact is, I'm going to South America myself."

He dropped his beans and held up his hands as they rushed at him.

"I surrender," he cried. "What do you want to know first? Well, young ones, maybe you've forgotten that your poor seedy old dad used to be a practising physician before he broke down and had to come to the country. And do you remember that at the hospital before I came away they all said a sea voyage would be just the thing to set me on my feet again—better even than planting beans? So when I found that your friend, 'Dr. Linnet,' was looking for a physician to go with him,—because, you see, it's hardly safe for a party to go off by them-



selves without one on board,—I didn't hesitate to apply for the job."

Bab sat down in the dirt between two rows of beans. "O Daddy Kenton, the idea of your being 'pretty cheerful' when you're going off to leave us for a year!"

"Leave you? Why, aren't you going too? Well, your mother is, and I guess Val and Phillis and Clink won't have to be asked twice. Really, Bab, I don't see but you'll have to go."

At this there was such a hubbub that it was some time before they got everything explained. Dr. Kenton was to give his services on board the yacht in return for passage for himself and his whole family. He had insisted on paying a certain sum toward the cost of provisioning the ship, so they might not feel that they were accepting too much from their new friends. Mavis had known all about it that day the yacht came in, and she and her mother had everything ready on board. At the house on the hill, Mother Kenton had been quietly making preparations for days. Sailor Joe was to take care of the place while they were

away, and agreed to keep a careful eye on Bab's bantam hen and the little quail.

They went on board that very night, and when the "Foamflower" sailed out of the harbor at daybreak a very happy group of young people stood on the spotless deck. Mavis and Phillis, with their arms around each other, were talking about what they would do on the voyage. Bab gazed back to where she thought Windymere ought to be and almost believed she should see the little house on that far-away hill. But the land was beginning to look like a blue cloud behind them and presently Nick could not even make out the great tree he had climbed in the vain search for the heron's nest.

"I wonder if we shall honestly have any more fun in South America than we did in the hooded boat on Windymere?" asked Bab, suddenly.

Nick shook his head. "Can't tell, but I'm glad to have a chance to see. Only it's pretty tough to have to wait a whole year to find out if the white heron nests again in the big tree in the bog."

THE END.



## Aunt Flora's Flower Chats.

### II. THE BIRD-FOOT VIOLET.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

I WONDER if all children are as fond of violets as are Bobby and Bessie Ballou. All through April they had been taking violet trips out into the country with Aunt Flora, and they kept the rooms well bouqueted with the blossoms, yellow, white, and purple. They had learned to know several different kinds by sight; they knew that all blue violets are not the same thing, and they had learned how to tell the differences between the Hooded, the Half-leaf, the Arrow-leaved, and the Heart-leaved, all bearing purple blossoms.

Then one day, on a sunny, rather stony hillside,—“Violets!” discovered Bobby. And here was still another kind of blue-blossomed plant, with a new kind of leaf.

Both flowers and leaves came out of the gravelly soil in little tufts; sometimes it was easy to pick out one plant from its neighbors, because there might be quite a little space between them; then again, the different roots were such close pals that their leaves touched. But in each tuft the blossom stalks were a bit longer than any of the leaf-stems, so the flowers stood up above them, rather like purple-hatted heads above green gowns.

“Oh, oh, what big, big ones! Did you ever see such big wild violets?” Bessie dropped down on her knees on the hillside, her hands clasped with delight, so lost in admiring the colorful great blossoms that for the time being she quite forgot to gather them.

“Quite large and lovely enough to have come out of a florist's shop,” agreed Aunt

Flora, dropping down herself into a comfortable position for admiring and gathering the round-faced beauties.

“I guess this must be the Pansy Violet,” said Bobby, who already had quite a little start on his bouquet.

“The size and shape and color would fit the name,” nodded Aunt Flora. “But this is another purple violet that gets its name from the shape of the leaf—Bird-foot.”

“Bird-foot Violet!” repeated Bobby.

He gathered a leaf, looked at its narrow lobes all joined at the base where the leaf-stem was attached to the blade like toes, and laughed. Quickly he gathered another leaf.

“Looky! Bessie! See the Bird-foot Violet take a walk!” and holding each leaf by its stem, downward, he made the two “feet” with their spreading “toes” go padding over the ground.

To be sure, there were more toes on these Bird-foots than on the foot of a bird, one leaf having six lobes, the other nine. But the resemblance to the long, spreading toes of a bird was close enough to make the name a good fit. For that matter, they found some leaves that had but three lobes, also some with five, but most of the foliage was much slashed. No two leaves looked exactly alike when they were laid out flat and their lobes compared, yet there was a very decided resemblance between them all, too; one would know by looking at the various leaves that they all came off the same kind of a plant.

“If you hold them up by the stem, they look kind-a like little green umbrellas turned wrong side out,” discovered Bessie, acting out the idea by holding one of the leaves over her head.

“Or like a green vase slashed down on all sides to the bottom,” added Bobby. “We'll each have to press several leaves to get a good sample of a plant.”

“Yes,” agreed Bessie.

After they had gathered enough leaves for specimens for their pressed flower albums, they once more turned their attention to the blossoms.

A rather pale purple was the color most of them wore, though now and then they found a blossom that was a strong blue-purple. In either case the tint was handsomely set off by the orange-yellow centre, where the seed-making parts were grouped.

“Bird-foot is a sunny hillside lover, and so wears paler colors than the shade-growing species; but it is also a lover of underbrushy places, so that Wood Violet is one name for it, too. In fact, Bird-foot can grow wherever its seed gets planted, gravelly pasture or wooded glen; wherever found its leaves will be slashed into ‘toes,’ but the color of its blossoms does vary with the amount of sunlight or shade it gets.

“Some tint of purple always colors the petals, too, unless, as sometimes happens, a blossom is white-veined with violet-blue. Light blue-purple, or lilac-purple, is the chief color of the pasture plants, as you see from these; in a wooded nook it would be much deeper.

“One variety of the Bird-foot has the two upper petals a rich, dark violet purple, very velvety and elegant, while the other three are a lighter lilac-purple. This is very pansy-like in appearance, and is called the Pansy Violet. In fact, any blossom of the Bird-foot Violet has a very pansy-like expression, for the smooth, rather thick flower-stem lifts its single flower up in a frank, wondering manner, so that it has a lifted rather than a drooping face. Often the Bird-foot Violet is used for a garden plant, where it forms large clumps that flower all summer.”

“We might take some up and plant them,” spoke up Bobby.

“Yes, let's!”

“It is too late in the season to transplant them,—one should do it before blossom-time, or in the fall. But you might take up a plant, root and all, Bobby, if you are interested in what the ‘downstairs’ part looks like.”

Bobby was, and set to work. Soon he held one up, free from soil. It had a thickish rootstock with rootlets dangling off the sides and bottom, while clusters of leaf and flower stems branched from the top.

“You see, this is one of the stemless violets,” Aunt Flora remarked.

“I'd say it was a *stemful* one,” laughed Bessie.

“That is quite true as regards stalks for leaves and flowers, but there is no central stem that carries both leaves and flowers, so botanists call it a ‘stemless’ species.

“Along in the summer, we must come here and examine the plants again; if it should happen that a plant fails to get little loads of pollen, or seed-dust, from other blossoms, by bee-back, so that it doesn't produce any or sufficient seed-





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

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OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

28 PAULINE AVE.,  
TORONTO, ONT.,  
April 5th, 1921.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church in Toronto and Mr. Hodgins is our minister. There are not many at our Sunday school but we hope more will come. We are getting up a musical concert and are going to use the money for several things needed in the Sunday school.

I always look forward to reading *The Beacon* and figuring out the puzzles on Sunday afternoon. I am enclosing an enigma and hope you will publish it.

I am eleven years old and would like to be a Beacon Club member and wear the badge.

Your interested reader,

RENE ALLAN.

7 CLAYTON PLACE,  
JAMAICA, L.I.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have read so many of the letters to you that now I am writing one.

I am thirteen years old and go to the Church of Community Religion, of which Dr. J. H. Holmes is a minister. We have quite a large Sunday school and are very proud of it. My teacher is Mrs. McKnight. She is very nice and everybody likes her. We have been study-

ing about "How the Bible Came to Be" and also "How to Make the World a Better Place to Live In" and find that both topics are very interesting. We are to have an exhibit on May 8, and hope it will be a success.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I should like very much to hear from some reader of *The Beacon*.

I remain,

Respectfully,

ANNA SCHAAF.

Anna's brother Francis, six years old, also goes to the same church school and wishes to join our Club. He prints his letter, and says, "I love to have some one read *The Beacon* to me."

623 MAIN STREET,  
WOBBURN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like very much to join the Beacon Club and wear the button. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here in Woburn.

Our minister is Rev. H. Pickett. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Pierce. Our lessons are about "Heroic Lives."

I like the "Pandy Peppermint" story, "Lost: Ted's Temper," "How The Pigeon Gave the Alarm," and "Little Molly Cottontail."

Yours truly,

ELAINE BURDETT.

Pods, it has a curious trick for setting more seeds."

Aunt Flora wouldn't tell them, then, what the curious trick was, but one summer day, on this same hillside, they dug up a plant that had only one seed-pod on it. And what do you think? Down among the leaves, where they would never have been seen by bird, beast, insect, fish, or child, were some little green, bud-like flowers.

"Blind ones, botanists call them, because they never open. They have no purple petals, as you see, and look more like pods, or buds, than flowers. Yet because the plant didn't get enough seed set by the showy purple flowers,—perhaps because they were gathered by us,—these blind, secret flowers must do the seed-making."

The children thought it very wonderful that the plant would have so much "sense." Don't you?

## When Bobby Baits the Hook.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

WHEN Bobby visits us each year,  
We have such fun while he is here!  
We go to fish down on the pier,  
And Bobby baits my hook.

He tells me how to hold my rod;  
And says perhaps I'll catch a cod,  
If I won't talk, but simply nod,  
Or whisper, or just smile.

He says he never can suppose  
That any other girl he knows  
Could stand so still in this hard pose,  
And make so little noise.

He tells me when the moment's right  
To pull in when I have a bite;  
And seems to take as much delight  
As I when there's a catch.

And so I fish sometimes all day,  
When we are tired of other play.  
I wish that he could always stay,  
For Bobby baits my hook!

## My Choice.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HAUGHTY Lady Rose  
With her pretty clothes  
Is no doubt a beauty;  
She has so sweet an air  
And looks so very fair  
To love her is a duty.

Jolly Buttercup,  
Ever smiling up,  
Is a friend worth knowing;  
For one who passes by  
She has a merry eye  
And laughter always showing.

Little Daisy dainty,  
Nodding ever quaintly  
When the winds go dancing,  
Can look so very sweet,  
And so very, very neat,  
She surely is entrancing.

But of flowers all  
Holding hearts in thrall  
One has my fancy;  
She has the quaintest face,  
The shyest, modest grace—  
Of course I mean Miss Fansy!

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXXIII.

I am composed of 22 letters.  
My 6, 5, 18, is what a fox lives in.  
My 19, 3, 21, 4, is where money is made.  
My 2, 20, 9, 10, is tidy.  
My 18, 11, 6, is a boy's name.  
My 1, 2, 6, 16, 17, is a preposition.  
My 7, 8, 14, 15, 16, is what every one has in the house.  
My 17, 14, 12, 11, is a flower.  
My 13, 9, 10, 5, is what closes the opening in a wall or fence.  
My 3, 22, is a common pronoun.  
My whole is what we must all support.  
MARY LOUISE BARTLETT.  
HERMINA KAHN.

### ENIGMA LXXIV.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 3, 13, 15, 6, 7, 2, is to make.  
My 11, 9, 4, 14, is a vegetable.  
My 8, 10, is a preposition.  
My 5, 6, 1, is a part of the head.  
My 16, 12, 7, is to decay.  
My whole gives us entertainment.  
MIRIAM LLOYD.

### TRANSFORMED WORDS.

Behead and curtail the following:—  
1. A part of the head, and leave an adverb of place.  
2. To frighten, and leave a vehicle.  
3. Was shut, and leave to cease to have.  
4. Selected, and leave a rubber pipe.  
5. Sharp, and leave a gash.  
6. A weapon, and leave a garden vegetable.  
7. Groups of two, and leave atmosphere.  
8. More wan, and leave a beverage.  
9. Ornamented, and leave a trial of speed.  
10. An Asiatic peninsula, and get crude iron.  
E. A. CALL.

### TWISTED CITIES.

1. Tosobn.  
2. Siaprr.  
3. Ewn Oyrk.  
4. Diono.  
5. Ewn Aolnres.  
6. Ts. Oluls.

NORMAN WALKER.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33.

ENIGMA LXIX.—Philadelphia.  
ENIGMA LXX.—If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.—I. R. C. PAN  
PIT PAN  
RIVER CAMEL  
TEA NET  
R. L.

CONCEALED BIRDS.—Pigeon, snipe, finch, blue jay, penguin, nightingale, duck, swallow, rook, chat, hawk, condor, canary, loon, plover, linnet, vulture, crane, bobolink, eagle, owl, quail, crow.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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